at Coventry I was born !). At any rate, I had not then seen a theatre, and I took to the stage before many years had passed over my head.

Putting together what I remember, and such authentic history as there is of my parents' movements, I gather that this attic was in theatrical lodgings in Glasgow. My father was an actor, my mother an actress, and they were at this time on tour in Scotland. Perhaps this is the place to say that father was the son of an Irish builder, and that he eloped in a chaise with mother, who was the daughter of a Scottish minister. I arn afraid I know no do tails of their romance. As for my less immediate ancestry, it is "wropt in mystery/' Were we all people of the stage ? There was a Daniel Terry who was not only a famous actor in his day, but a friend of Sir Walter Scott's. There was an Eliza Terry, an actress whose portrait appears iu *The Dramatic Mirror* in 1847. But so far as I know 1 cannot claim kinship with either Eliza or Daniel.

I have a" very dim recollection of anything that hap- pened in the;%ttic, ''b?yond the fact that when my father aad'm'other weu£ to the theatre every night, they used to put'"me to bed,'and that directly their backs were turned and- the door looked, I used to jump up and go to the window. My "bed" consisted of the mat tress pulled off their bed and laid on the floor—on father's side. Both my father and my mother were very kind and devoted parents (though severe at times, as all good parents are), but while mother loved all her children too well to make favourites, I was,

I believe, niy father's particular pet. I used to sleep all night holding his hand.

One night I remember waking up to find a beautiful face bending over me. Father was holding a candle so that the visitor might see me better, and gradually I